

WEEKLY



MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XII—NO. 46.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1800.

WHOLE NO. 618.

PIERRE:

A GERMAN TALE.

IN a village belonging to the Margraviate of Bareith, in Franconia, dwelt a husbandman, named Pierre. He possessed the most beautiful farm and extensive lands in the country; but these he considered as the least of his treasure—three sons and three daughters, borne him by his wife Theresa, were also married, and resided with their children in the house of Pierre. His age was eighty, that of Theresa seventy-eight, and they were served, loved, and respected by their numerous family. By temperance exempt from those infirmities which in general imbitter age, they were contented with each other, beloved by all: happy in their lovely offspring, they thanked God, and blessed their children.

One evening, having finished their labour, and got in the harvest, the good Pierre, Theresa, and the family, were seated at the door of their mansion, and admiring the glorious spectacle of the illuminated firmament with pious rapture, unknown to the inhabitants of a great city.—"See," cried the aged peasant, "how the Heavens are strewed with brilliant stars, each marking its course with a streak of light:—the moon, hid by the towering poplars, casts a pale and trembling ray, which adds to the sublimity of the scene—not a leaf stirs to disturb the repose of the harmless feathered tribe, whose unfledged young are protected and nourished under the wings of parental love. The profound and pleasing stillness is only at intervals interrupted by the distant cry of the owl—image of a guilty mind—he alone wakes; while all else are enjoying the repose of peace and innocence, he mourns without ceasing, and dreads the light of day. Oh! my children, be ever good, and you will be ever happy.—These sixty years your mother and I have enjoyed tranquil felicity—May you never buy it dearer than we have bought it!"

At these words tears filled the eyes of the old man. Louisa, one of his grand-children, not more than seven years of age, ran to embrace him.

"Grand-papa," said she, "you never gave us such pleasure as this evening. What a charming picture! Judge how we should like to hear your history—It is not late—the night is lovely, and no one cares for sleep."

All the family in an instant seconded the request, and making a circle around him, Louisa seated herself at his feet, and commanded silence; each parent taking an infant on their knee, listened in mute expectation; and the good old man, one of whose hands was clasped in that of Theresa, while the other was fondly caressed by Louisa, began his history.

"It is a long time back, my children, when I was in my eighteenth, and Theresa in her sixteenth year: she was the only daughter of Armiaz, the richest farmer in the country.—I was the poorest peasant in the village, yet my poverty did not prevent my loving so much worth and beauty. I used my utmost endeavors to extinguish a passion that rendered me miserable, for I was sure that my want of fortune was an eternal obstacle to my union with Theresa. I knew I must re-

ounce her, or think of the means to enrich myself, which could only be effected by quitting the place where she resided.—It was an effort above me, and I chose rather to present myself as a servant to the wealthy Armiaz. I was accepted, and, by my assiduity, soon cultivated the good will of the farmer, and more quickly that of his fair daughter. You may judge how I worked;—you, my sons, who have married women of your hearts, can tell my feelings. She loved me as I loved her, and I thought my happiness would never end.—I was soon undeceived;—an opulent peasant in the neighborhood demanded the daughter of Armiaz for a wife; his proposal met the approbation of the farmer, and the marriage was resolved on. We did nothing but weep—our tears were shed in vain—the inflexible Armiaz was not to be opposed—he saw his daughter's aversion, and his resentment was violent. The fatal day approached—there was no alternative—Theresa was to become the wife of a man she hated. She was sure to die with grief, and I determined not to survive her. We took the only step that remained for our choice—we eloped together; and were soon pursued by Heaven for our fault.

"Theresa and I quitted the village in the middle of the night, on a horse given her by an uncle. A small quantity of clothes, and some provisions, we put in a wallet; and a very little money, the fruit of her economy, was all we took with us. We travelled all night, and at the dawn of day found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia. Without fear of being taken, we halted in a valley. Theresa dismounted, and, seated by my side on the green turf, partook of a repast frugal and delicious.

"Our meal ended, we debated on our next method of proceeding. After a long discourse, and having estimated our horse at its utmost value, we found our riches amounted to no more than twenty ducats, which would support us but a short time. We, however, determined to proceed to the first capital town, where we should be in less danger of discovery, and get married as soon as possible. After this wise resolution, we pursued our course to Egra, where our first care was to seek the church, when we were married by a priest, to whom I gave the half of our little treasure; nor did we think it in the power of money to repay so good an action.

"All went well for about eight days, in which time we had sold our little horse. The money was soon expended, and we had nothing left. What was to be done we knew not. I was ignorant of the manner of agriculture in that country, nor was Theresa better informed. She trembled for our fate. Her situation was alarming, and I partook of her fears. At length, having no other resource, I engaged in a regiment of cavalry that was in garrison at Egra, and my bounty money was given to my Theresa, who received it with tears. I found my pay sufficient for my maintenance, and the little work done by my wife, whom necessity had instructed, went to the support of our household. The birth of an infant tied us still closer to each other;—it was you, my Gertrude, and we viewed you as the blessing of

our future years. We said the same by each babe that Heaven thought proper to send us.

"By the strict attention I paid to my duty, I soon acquired the esteem and friendship of my officers. Frederick, my Captain, was but twenty years of age, and was distinguished from all his companions by his elegance of person and sweetness of manners. He conceived a partiality for me, and I related my adventures to him. He saw Theresa, was interested in our welfare, and promised to use his interest to obtain the pardon of Armiaz, and I relied upon his word as the most sacred promise. Besides which, he assured me he would give me immediate liberty. He had already written to my father-in-law, without having received any answer.

"The time fled away rapidly; the young Captain appeared to grow cool, and Theresa each day became more and more sad; and when I demanded the reason, she spoke to me of her father, and tried to change the discourse, and I began to have a suspicion that Frederick was the cause of her embarrassment.

"That young man, ardent as are most of his age, had beheld her with admiration, and his virtue was subordinate to his passion. He was acquainted with our state, knew how much we depended upon him for assistance, and dared to tell my wife the reward he expected for his services. My wife was indignant, and repulsed him with severity; but knowing me to be violent and jealous, fatally concealed the secret from me while I was daily extolling the generous friendship of Frederick.

"One day, coming from the picket, I returned to my house, and beheld before me—(judge my surprize)—Armiaz!—“Are you there!” cried he, seizing me—“Ravisher! restore me my child!—Give me back the happiness you have robbed me of in return for my friendship!”

"I fell on my knees before him—I endured the first bursts of his passion—my tears appeased him, and he consented to hear me. “The evil is done,” cried I; “Theresa is mine—she is my wife. My life is in your hands—punish me, but save your only child!—let her not die with grief at the dishonor of her husband!—Spare, oh! spare your child!” Saying these words, I entered the room where you lay asleep, my Gertrude, in your cradle: your cheek glowed with health and innocence. Armiaz looked, and tears filled his eyes. I clasped thee in my arms, and presented thee to him—“This also is your daughter!” cried I. You waked with the motion, and, as if inspired by Heaven, extended your little arms to the aged Armiaz, and twisted your fingers in his silver locks. He loaded you with caresses—“Bring me my child!” said he, in a voice of kindness—“Go, my son, and conduct her to my arms!”

"You can imagine, my children, with what eagerness I flew to prepare her for the interview. I opened the door of the room where she was, and beheld—gracious Heaven!—the Captain on his knees to my wife, who used her utmost endeavors to conceal his situation from me. The sight filled me with horror. I drew my sword, and plunged it in the breast of Frederick—He fell, bathed in

blood-----his cries alarmed the guard, who rushed into the place. My sword was still reeking-----they seized me, and Armaz arrived in time to see his son-in-law loaded with ignominious irons. I embraced him, and recommended my wife and child to his care-----I embraced thee, too, my Gertrude, and followed my conductors to the dungeon.

"I was two days and three nights in a state of insensibility, ignorant of all that passed-----ignorant of Theresa's fate. I saw no one but my jailor, who replied to all my questions that it could not be long before I must be condemned.

"The third day the gates were thrown open; a guard escorted me to the Place d'Armes. I beheld afar off the whole regiment assembled, and I perceived the terrible instrument of my punishment. All my happiness was, that I was arrived at the summit of my misfortunes; and I impatiently awaited the mortal blow. I moved with convulsive agony, and my lips unknowingly pronounced the name of Theresa.---My eyes wandered vainly in search of her, and, in this state I reached the place of execution. My sentence was read, and I awaited only the final moment, when my punishment was suspended by the most piercing cries. I looked round, and beheld a figure half naked, pale, and bloody, making efforts to pierce through the armed troop that environed me.---It was Frederick.---"My friends," cried he, "it is I who am culpable.---I, only, deserve to die.---My friends, spare the innocent!---I would have seduced his wife.---He did but punish my villainy.---it was just---and you must be barbarians to shorten his days!"

"The Chief of the regiment stepped forward: he stopped Frederick, and tried to pacify him, by reading the act that condemned me for lifting my hand against my officer.---"No more!" cried Frederick; "I have procured his liberty.---he is no longer in your power.---Here is his discharge, properly signed."

"The Chiefs were all assembled.---Frederick and humanity pleaded my cause. I was re-conducted to prison. Frederick wrote to the Ministry---he accused himself---demanded my pardon, and obtained it. Armaz, Theresa, and myself hastened to throw ourselves at the feet of my deliverer. He confirmed the grant that had set me at liberty, and would have conferred other benefits, which we would not accept.---We returned to this village, and, at the death of Armaz, were left sole possessors of his property. Here will Theresa and I finish our days in peaceful serenity, happy in the midst of our virtuous family."

All the children of Pierre pressed round him as he finished his recital; and as they listened, tears ran down their cheeks.---"Compose yourselves, my children!" exclaimed the good old man:---"Heaven has recompensed me for all my sufferings, in the love you bear me!"

Saying these words, he once more embraced them fondly, and all the family retired to rest.

REFLECTIONS ON SUNSET.

BEHOLD now the beautiful evening drawing her sable curtain over the world: All circumstances concur to hush our passions, and soothe our cares; Liberty, that desert of names, and Property, that best of charters, give an additional, and inexplicable charm to every delightful object. See how that amazing luminary beautifies the western clouds, descending lower and lower, till his chariot wheels seemed to hover on the utmost verge of day. The ground is now overpread with glimmering shades, making a most beautiful landscape. The melodious tribe of feathered songsters, full of grateful acknowledgments, are now paying their last tribute of harmony, and soothing themselves to rest, with an hymn of praise to the great Creator. See! the distant eminences are tinted with streaming gold; the loftiest trees in the groves, and distant towers, catch the last smiles of day; all nature still irradiated by the departed beams. But oh! how transient is the distinction! how momentary the gift! Like our other blessings which mortals enjoy below, it is gone almost as soon as granted. See how languishingly it trembles on the leafy spires. The lowering herds are bending slowly their way along the verdant meadow, to meet the scoured pail, which daily robs them of their sweets gathered from nature. Now even the gamefome lambs are grown weary of their frolics, and the tired shepherd has imposed silence on his pipe. The little vivacity that remains of day decays every moment. It can no longer hold its station.---While I speak, it expires, and resigns the silent world to night.

Now twilight grey
Has in her sober liv'ry all things clad; MILTON.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM

ELEGY.

REASON may sooth the philosophic soul,
And ruthless stoics boast their manly pow'rs,
But my sad heart rejects their wise control,
Nor heeds their precepts in my lonely hours.

Vain is each art to quell the rising sigh,
Or bid the tear of sorrow cease to flow;
Nature revolts! nor bears one calm reply
To check the plaints of misery and woe.

Still flow sad tears! for Heav'n approves the strain,
And marks with pity each distracting thought,
Nor e'er forbids the mourner to complain,
Or mocks the bosom with affliction fraught.

Ah me! no more a mother's tender care
The giddy moments of my youth shall guide;
No more shall I her kind attention share,
Or in her friendly intercourse confide.

How oft with pleasure in my infant state
She softly drew me to her foll'ring breast!
How oft the kiss, with tenderness replete,
The fond emotions of her soul expres'd!

'Twas her's the sweets of social life to prove,
Each trait of wedded happiness to share;
She liv'd a pattern of maternal love,
And rear'd her offspring with attentive care.

While from her lips devotion freely flow'd,
With honest truth and piety sincere,
Her artless breast with pure religion glow'd,
For ev'ry christian virtue centred there.

ANABELLA.

SEA-SIDE SONNET:

FROM MR. PRATT'S GLEANINGS.

ON the brink of the beach as I silently roam'd,
My sorrows I mark'd on the wave-soften'd sand,
Loud blew the wild winds, and the white billows foam'd,
And threw the salt fleeces of turf on the strand.

Fast flow'd in the tide, ye' regardless I stood,
And felt the white billows advance to my feet,
The sand-marks of sorrow were lost in the flood,
And the spray of the storm on my bare bosom beat.

In the story of woe not a thought could I trace,
Not the wreck of a word, and I said to the sea,
"Ah! if thus you the story of woe can efface,
Your bounty might sure be extended to me."

"If here I remain on thy billow-beat shore,
No friend near at hand in false pity to save,
My woes, like their story, would quickly be o'er,
And both owe to thee, foaming Ocean, a grave!"

The billows roll'd on, when something within,
More strong than the Ocean, seem'd thus to reply,
"Man no murder shall do, e'en in sorrow 'tis sin;"
I felt the command, and obey'd with a sigh.

EVIL COMPANY.

THE garden breath'd a sweet perfume,
And all was beauty, all was bloom;
The orient sun unclouded shone,
And FLORA's gayest robes were on:
Health was convey'd on ev'ry breeze,
The richest blossoms cloth'd the trees.
Hope sprung to think, that Autumn's store
Would crown whate'er appear'd before:
When sudden rots a killing eastern blast,
And lo! the golden prospect all at once was past.

See you that youth, whose happier days
Inspir'd each gen'rous mind with praise----
Whom careful culture's prudent hand
Had taught his passions to command----
Whose manners spoke a gentle heart,
Beyond the reach of modern art?
Where'er in those blest years he came,
He still excited friendship's flame:
Each candid eye beheld him with delight,
When folly's noxious air produc'd a fatal blight.

SENTIMENT----FROM COWPER.

THE only amaranthine flower on earth
Is VIRTUE; the only lasting treasure TRUTH.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FIDELITY.

EDWIN, King of Northumberland, was one of the greatest Princes of the Saxon Heptarchy, and distinguished himself, not only by his influence over the other Kingdoms, but by the execution of Justice in his own dominions. He reclaimed his subjects from the licentious life to which they had been accustomed; and, it is a common saying, that during his reign a woman or child might openly carry every where a purse of gold, without any danger of violence or robbery.---There is a remarkable instance transmitted to us of the affection borne him by his servants. Cuichelme, King of Wessex, was his enemy; but finding himself unable to maintain open war against so gallant and powerful a Prince, he determined to use treachery against him, and employed one Eumer for that guilty purpose. The assassin having obtained admittance, by pretending to deliver a message from Cuichelme, drew his dagger, and rushed upon the King. Lilla, an officer of the army, seeing his Sovereign's danger, and having no means of defence, interposed with his own body between the King and Eumer's dagger, which was pushed with such violence, that, after piercing Lilla, it even wounded Edwin. But before the assassin could renew his blow, he was dispatched by the King's attendants.

"Unthought of FAULTIES cheat us in the WISE."

IT is even so---for who could suppose that the following pictures came, not from the pencil of malignity, but of truth?---Who could imagine that Locke was fond of romances?---that Newton gave implicit credit to the dreams of judicial astrology?---that Dr. Clarke valued himself much more on his agility, than on his science?---and that Pope was such an epicure, that when on a visit to Lord Bolingbroke, it was his custom to lie whole days in bed, unless when his servant informed him, there was stewed lamprey for dinner?---yet all these things were so.

This picture of human frailty may be extended, as the portraits are numerous. Queen Elizabeth was a coquette---and Bacon received a bribe!---on the eve of an important battle, the Duke of Marlborough was heard to chide his servant for lighting four candles in his tent, at a time when he had an important conference with Prince Eugene. Luther was so immoderately passionate, that he sometimes boxed Melanchton's ears---and Melanchton himself was a believer in dreams. Cardinals Richleau and Mazarine were so superstitious as to employ and pension Morin, a pretender to astrology, who calculated their nativities. Tacitus, who appears in general superior to superstition, was grossly infected by it in particular instances. Dryden was also a believer in astrology, and Hobbes firmly believed the existence of goblins and spirits.

CROSS READING.

RUNAWAY from the subscriber a few days past---a house and lot and one hundred peach trees.

A lady not long since was suddenly attacked with a most violent fit of scolding.

At a late superior court, twenty lawyers were found drinking rum most immoderately.

A young lady, newly married, swallowed---the parson of the parish and two deacons.

Ten thousand hogheads of tobacco have been---lately inoculated for the small-pox.

Three milch cows---are cruising off Cape-Hatteras.

The fever and ague is now---offered for sale on moderate terms.

At a late entertainment one of the dishes consisted of a large corn-field, and twenty negroes.

A large bowl of turtle soup was lately---forded by three men on horse-back.

The next inferior court will meet in---a large hoghead of porter.

ANECDOTE.

A MOST uncommon circumstance occurred in the City-Road, London. A large dog, of the mastiff breed, happened to pass near a game-cock, when the latter without any provocation, assailed the dog with utmost violence. The dog became irritated, and in his fury attacked the game-cock. A severe combat ensued; but the vigilance and dexterity of the cock eluded every attempt of the dog to hurt him. At length the cock flew upon the dog's back, and with his beak actually beat out both his eyes. He then continued his attack with so much ferocity that in a short time the dog fell to the ground, when the cock struck him a blow with his heel, which penetrated to his brains, and he instantly expired.---There were above 500 persons witness to this curious battle.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1800.

THE LATE ARRIVALS

At Boston, and at this port, have furnished us with intelligence of a more interesting nature than at first sight can be well conceived. The combined powers of Europe, leagued against the French Republic, have beclouded the frustration of their dearest hopes. The news, which has been amply confirmed, leaves no doubt of its authenticity. A general pacification is expected will result therefrom----and, after ten years of blood, the Philanthropist may, with pleasure, date the dawn of HUMANITY.

The Courier dispatched to Vienna was expected to reach there by the 19th of June, and the answer to be received at head-quarters in Italy by the 26th. There were excessive rejoicings at Paris on the receipt of the details of the French successes in Italy. Illuminations were general; and the warmest acclamations of joy issued from the rulers and the people. On the news of the debarkation of the English at Quiberon, Buonaparte says he had thoughts of proceeding thither, but he soon after heard they had returned on board the ships.

The re-commencement of hostilities in Egypt was occasioned by the refusal of the English to abide by the negotiation between Kleber and the Grand Vizier, expressed in a letter from Admiral Lord Keith to the French General.

The information of the suspension of the negotiation between the United States and France obtain but little credit. The Commissioners have hitherto observed a profound secrecy; and even Paris news, four days later than could have been at Bourdeaux on the 1st of July, is silent on the subject. That this most important fact, concealed at Paris, should be known at Bourdeaux, would be extraordinary indeed. And that the Commissioners should depart from their practice, and reveal so interesting an occurrence, before making a communication to Government, it is difficult to believe.

A letter from a respectable gentleman in London, dated July the first, received in this city, mentions from authority the conclusion of the negotiations with France: and that from what could be learnt, the terms were very honorable and advantageous to America, and that our Ministers were to return immediately.

On Thursday a man entered a house in Stone Street, and very leisurely proceeded to load himself with all the plate which the side-board and closets contained, and had left the house unperceived by any belonging to it. Fortunately some one passing at the moment, suspected him, from seeing him thus muffled up and loaded, and went instantly in the house to enquire if any thing was missing. The discovery of the thief was immediately made, and the pursuit was fortunately successful. [Daily Adv.

At Norfolk and at Baltimore the Yellow Fever has commenced its ravages. At the latter place, on Monday there were eleven interments; on Tuesday eight----there were, it seems, eighteen new cases at the Point for the twenty-four hours preceding; and the whole number of sick were sixty-nine.

Letters from Providence, (R. I.) mention, that the Yellow Fever rages there.

HARTFORD, July 28.

A shocking occurrence took place near Mells Mills and Ives in West Simsbury (Conn) on the evening of the 21st which ought to be an admonition to all who draw or handle spirituous liquors by candle-light. As Mr. Daniel Cafe and Mr. Samuel Palmer, together with Hugh Cafe, a lad about 13 years of age, (son of the widow Elizabeth Cafe, of this Society) were emptying a cask of high wines in a distillery, the boy held the candle while they were performing the business, and inadvertently holding it too near the blaze communicated with the spirit which instantly intermingled with the whole quantity and burnt the barrel to pieces, producing an explosion, the report of which was heard for miles! Mr. Cafe and Mr. Palmer, standing near the door first took the alarm, and had the good fortune to make their escape, though not without receiving considerable personal injury by fire----while the poor lad, unable to extricate himself, was wrapped in a volume of flame and agitated spirit, though with much ado, he extricated out of the distillery, went a few steps and then fell, exhibiting every vestige of the blazing victim----every pos-

sible assistance was afforded him, both to disentangle him of his clothes, and to repel and drive out the corrosive element from the vital part, but alas, in vain, it was too late, the fire had made too great inroad upon his internal part, his flesh was so burnt that a crustation was almost over the whole of his body----in this awful and distressing condition he languished about 12 hours, and then looking a last and affectionate farewell to his friends, expired.

Thus fell a promising youth, in the flower of age and beginning of his days, a sacrifice to imprudence. Caution surely is the parent of security, and strange it is that we do not attend to her dictates.

NEW-HAVEN, August 27.

Wednesday last arrived the schooner Two Brothers, of this port, David Norris, who reports, "That on the 7th inst. he was brought to by the British fleet of war Telephone. John Davie, commander, who after we had brought to, fired a shot with an intention to hull us, and running along side, hailed us in French, we answered him from Turk's Island; the second salutation was, You damn'd infernal rascals, why did you run from us? with other scurrilous and abusive expostions, threatening to sink us; he then sent his boat on board, and took out all my people, the mate and one hand excepted. He also took from me two passengers, (factors) belonging to Philadelphia, who had been taken on their outward bound passage, in the schooner Nancy, Capt Kennedy, by the Patriot French privateer. After examining the people, some of whom had protections, those that had not the signature of the British Consul, he declared good for nothing, damning all our Collectors, saying he did not know them. After examining my papers, he told me I might go about my business, and that he should keep all my people: He detained on board Thaddeus Smith, of N. Haven, who is advanced in life, and has a wife and several children dependant on him for support, John Munson, Abijah B. Ternil, and Edmund Tompkin, belonging to and near New-Haven; also David Betts, a native of Portsmouth, Virginia, a citizen of Philadelphia; putting on board a Spanish prisoner, who understood not a word of our language, and one of the passengers, leaving us six in all, two of which were sick, and one lame, in a leaky vessel."

PATHETIC.

"He finds his fellow guilty of a sin
Not colour'd like his own, and having pow'r
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey."

COWER.

The following incident requires not the aid of the pencil to awaken every feeling congenial to humanity, nor, in exciting our tenderest sympathy for the unhappy sufferers, can it fail to rouse the keenest indignation against the authors of such inhuman wrongs:

Two vessels belonging to citizens of the United States, concerned in the infamous traffic of human flesh on the coast of Africa have been lately captured, and sent into Philadelphia, by the Ganges fleet of war.

Taken at different times, they arrived separately at the quarantine station, the one having on board one hundred and eighteen, and the other sixteen unhappy victims.

With a view to their health and convenience it was deemed proper to land and encamp these unfortunate people. Scarce had this benevolent measure been effected, and the miserable Africans mingled with their fellow sufferers, when, a HUSBAND and a WIFE! who had been torn from their home and happiness, and hurried on board separate vessels by their brutal oppressors, met and recognized each other. Lost for a moment, in an extacy of surprise, they exhibited a scene of tenderness, which would have softened even the savage hearts of those who had occasioned their separation. But the meeting was more than the unhappy female could support:----her frame, shaken by the influence of her affections, yielded to the shock, and she was prematurely a mother!

Let the monsters, who encourage and who practise this horrid traffic, reflect on the vengeance of an offended God. An appeal to their conjugal or their parental feelings were a lost hope, and a mockery of humanity. To console the feelings of our readers, we can assure them that the beneficence of the Abolition Society, and the general sympathy of our citizens have greatly alleviated the sufferings of these much injured people; and we are happy in knowing that the unfortunate woman is recovering.

[Philad. True Amer.

COURT of HYMEN.

LOVE, free as air, at flight of human ties
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies:
Let wealth, let honor with the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame,
Before true passions all these views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honor, what are you to love?

MARRIED

At Charleston, Capt. WILLIAM JACKSON, of this city, to Miss HETTY BROOKS, of New York, (Conn)

On Sunday last, at Poughkeepsie, Mr. MATTHEW MERRICK, of Fishkill, to Miss JOANNA SCHENCK.

On Thursday last, at Newark, by the Rev. Dr. M^W Wooster, Mr. JAMES BLACK, to Mrs. REBECCA WOOD, both of that place.

Lately in the Island of Anglesey, Mr. HENRY CECIL, a gentleman well known for his pedestrian feats, to Miss LUCY PENCOCHE, (the rich heiress of the late John Hughes, of Bawguddan-Hall, Eig.) a lady of much beauty, but entirely deaf and dumb. This circumstance drew together an amazing concourse of people to witness the ceremony, which on the bride's part was literally performed by proxy. A splendid entertainment was given on the occasion by the bridegroom; but a dreadful catastrophe closed the scene, for the bride, in coming down stairs, made a false step, and fell with so much violence against a chair that she immediately expired. [Lon. paper.

MORTALITY.

Think, Mortals! what it is to die!

DIED.

On Friday the 13th inst. at Brunswick, (N. J.) of a painful illness, Mrs. ANNE YOUNG, in the 44th year of her age, wife of Mr. George Young, of the Island of Jamaica.

On Wednesday last, JAMES STEWART Jun. a native of Scotland, aged 37 years, much and justly regretted by all who knew him.

On Tuesday, the 19th inst. about 6 o'clock in the evening, as Mr. William R. Phillips, son of Mr. Ralph Phillips, near Trenton, New-Jersey, was returning home on horse-back from a neighbor's, his horse ran with him between the fence and a tree, which stood in the road, so near the tree as to strike it with his thigh and head. His thigh and scull were both fractured by the violence of the blow, and he fell, almost lifeless, from his horse. He was taken up and carried into a house, where he died in about half an hour. Mr. Phillips was in the 22d year of his age, amiable in his manners, and in every respect a promising member of society.

JUST PUBLISHED,
and for sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,
AND OTHER POEMS,
By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOUISA,

THE LOVELY ORPHAN,
Or the COTTAGE on the MOOR.

BY MRS. HELME.

ITALIAN,

Or the Confessional of the BLACK PENITENTS.

BY MRS. RADCLIFFE.

FLOWERS OF MODERN TRAVELS,

Being

Elegant, entertaining and instructive Extracts from the works of the most celebrated Travellers.

A NEW TREATISE
ON ASTRONOMY AND PHYSICS,
By Dr. JOSEPH YOUNG, M. D.



COURT of APOLLO.

SONG.

THE sprightly eye, the rosy cheek,
The dimpled chin, and look so meek,
The nameless grace and air,
The ruby lip in sweetness dreft,
The softy-swinging angel-break---
All these adorn my fair!

See, what unnumber'd beauties love
Around each feature of my love,
And fire my rapt'rous soul!
Ten thousand sweets her looks disclose;
At ev'ry look, my bosom glows,
And yields to love's control.

Just heav'n! why gave ye charms like these,
With ev'ry graceful art to please,
To her, whom rigid fate,
Permit me not my pain to tell,
And makes me sacred truth conceal
From one I wish my mate?

Curse on the Fordish thirst of gold,
When tend'rest passions all are sold
To win the world's applause;
When, for desire, and love, and joy,
Low in'rest shall our hours employ,
And gain th' ignoble cause.

THE TEAR.

NO radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauties' ears,
Nor the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn.
Shine with such lustre as the TEARS that break
For others' woe, down Virtue's manly cheek.

CURIOS ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM THE AUGUSTA HERALD.

WHEREAS my husband, JOHN CHARLES LUTGERT, a dirty Dutchman, between five and six feet high, has a round face, snub nose, large mouth and teeth, squint-eyed, and marked with the small-pox---In addition to this, he has long small legs, knock-kneed, eat-hamed, hump-back and a foot---Did about the first of June last forlorn me, and absented himself in a clandestine manner from my bed and board, without my approbation, or any known cause or provocation on my part. Now know ye, that I do in consequence of all above mentioned, disown and reject him from this time forever---and I do furthermore request, that no one will use the least influence in their power to return him to me again; as I am resolved to adhere strictly to this resolution---for by his absence I am relieved from a detested nuisance. Now know ye moreover, that I do by these presents grant unto the said Lutger, free and uninterrupted ingress, egress and regress, into any part of the world, my bed only excepted.

POLLY LUTGERT.

ANECDOTES.

A SICK person who had not slept for many nights, was asked if he did not wish to have a Clergyman attend him, and whether he chose any particular one. He replied yes, send for Mr. C-----. He came---the sick man requested a sermon. Mr. C----- stared with surprize, and desired to know the reason why. The invalid answered, that he never heard him preach but twice or thrice, and then he fell asleep, and thought that a short discourse might enable him to take a nap, which he much needed.

WHEN a Turkish Ambassador came first to Vienna, to several ladies who paid him a visit, he presented a number of curiosities; but giving to some twice the quantity he gave to others, the former in the triumph of their vanity, causing him to be asked the reason of this preference, were informed, It was because their mouths were twice as wide as those of their competitors.

MORALIST.

REPUTATION.

REPUTATION is a great inheritance, it begetteth opinion, (which ruleth the world) opinion riches, riches honor; or: It is a perfume that a man carrieth about him, and leaveth wherever he goes; and it's the best heir of a man's virtue.

The shortest way to obtain Reputation is that of merit; if industry be founded on merit, it is the true way of obtaining it.

The gaining of Reputation is but the revealing of our virtue and worth to the best advantage.

Great merit and high fame, are like a high wind and a large sail, which do often sink the vessel.

It is more difficult to repair a credit that is once shaken, than to keep that in a flourishing greenness, which was never blasted.

Reputation is like fire when you have kindled it, you may easily preserve it; but if once you extinguish it, you will not easily kindle it again, at least not make it burn so bright as before.

JOHN WESSELLS,

LOOKING GLASS FRAME MAKER,

No. 12 Barclay-street, near the Roman Chapel,
Has for sale, an assortment of the most fashionable Looking Glasses, with mahogany frames, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. April 5, 1800. 97 1/2

NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the subscribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Island to Catharine-Slip, (commonly called the NEW FERRY) --- And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the strictest attention on both sides, by

STANTON and WATERBERRY.

New-York, May 10. 97 1/2

WANTED,

AN APPRENTICE to the Hatting business, a youth of about 14 or 16 years of age --- None need apply unless they can be well recommended for honesty and industry --- Enquire of

M. RYDER, 235 Water-street.

ERUPTIONS and HUMORS on the FACE and SKIN.

PARTICULARLY

Pimples, Blotches, Tatters, Ring-worms, Tan, Sun-burns, Freckles, Shingles, Scorbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every description, Prickly-Heat, Redness of the Nose, Arms, &c. &c. are effectually and speedily cured by

DA. CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This Lotion is excelled by no other in the world. It has been administered by the proprietor for several years in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the most rankorous and alarming Scurvy in the Face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to the common trash---Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Rosebushes! Suffice it however to say it has been administered to MANY THOUSANDS in the United States and West-Indies with the greatest and most unparalleled success, and without even a single complaint of its inefficacy.

Price---Half-Pints, 75 Cents---Pints, 1 dollar and 25 Cents.

Prepared and sold by the inventor and sole proprietor, Dr. James Church, at his dispensary, no. 137 Front-Street, and by his appointment, at the General Intelligence Office, no. 81 William-street.

JUST PUBLISHED,

and for sale by J. Harrisson, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY:

Or, the Morality and Practice of Free-Masonry.

Illustrated and explained in fourteen Lectures, by Wm. Hutchinson, Master of the Lodge of Concord, Barnard-Castle, England.

SANCTIONED BY THE GRAND LODGE.

This work is highly deserving the approbation of Masons, and very necessary for them to possess: it is one of those guides to perfection in the duties of their calling, which every person desirous of valuable information, will find his interest in consulting.

NEW NOVELS

For sale by John Harrisson, Peck-Slip.

Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple, Emilia d' Varmont, or the Necessary Divorce, Alexis, or the Cottage in the Woods, Louisa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moat, Ambrose and Eleanor, Sorrows of Wester, Galates, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes) Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Cousins, Ambroso, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq; Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne, The Coquette, Children of the Abbey, Wieland, or the Transformation, Ormond, or the Secret Witness, Tom Jones, Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Wester, Camilla, Romance of the Forest, The Italian, Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun, Nature and Art, Gonfaldo of Cordova, Arundal, Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baronets, Pamela, Simple Story, Man of the World, Fatal Follies, Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler, Fool of Quality, Mysteries of Udolpho, Mystic Cottage, Select Stories, Count Roderick's Castle, Female Constancy, Edward, Madame d' Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey, Zelucio, Maurice, Audley Fortescue, Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichfield, Baron Trenck, Man of Feeling, Telemachus, Citizen of the World, Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random, Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benson, Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey, Neiley Abbey, a Gothic Story, Perfidious Guardian,

Washington's Letters, Volney's Ruins, Alop, Campbell's Journey overland to India, Junius's Letters, Cowper's Translation of Homer, American Spectator, Flowers of Modern Travels, Goldsmith's England, Volney's Travels, Pope's Homer, Night Thoughts, Johnson's Rambler, Zimmerman on Solitude, Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Thomson's Seasons, Winterbotham's America, Cook's Voyages, Columbian Mule, Godwin's Political Justice, Mrs. Rowe's Letters, Pleasing Instructor, The Hive, Milton's Works, A Father's Instructions, Meffish, Elegant Miscellanies, Flowers of History, Freneau's Poems, Humphrey's Works, Jefferson's Notes, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, Gibson's Surveying, Jones's System of Book-Keeping, Morse's Geography, &c. &c. &c.

GEORGE BUCKMASTER, BOAT BUILDER,

No. 194 Cherry-street, near the Ship-yards, New-York, informs the public, that he has a number of Boats complete, of every description, and that he has on hand a large quantity of Oars and Sweeps, which he will dispose of on reasonable terms.

N.B. All Boats sent to his Boat Shop, will be taken in charge, while in port, free of expence. 18 1/2

A MORNING SCHOOL,

FROM 6 till 8, A. M. where YOUNG LADIES who wish to improve in Reading, English Grammar, Elocution, Writing, Arithmetic, the Elements of Astronomy and Geography, the use of the Globes and Maps, will have the strictest attention paid to their instruction, by the subscriber, at his Seminary for Young Ladies, no. 91 Beekman-street.

GAD M.Y.

Mrs. SAUNDERS

Has removed her MILITARY from No. 23 to No. 121 William-street, (the house lately occupied by Mr. Benjamin I. Moore) where her customers and others may be supplied as usual, with the following articles, on the lowest terms, viz. Straw Trimmings, Silk and Cotton Gimp and Trimmings, Frogs and Rosets for Ladies Gowns, Silk and Cotton Girdles for the waist---with a general assortment of Military as usual. N.B. Two or three Apprentices wanted to the above business. May 3, 1/2

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